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"THE VIRGINIA MUMMY,"

ARRANGED BY C. WHITE.

AND

"INTRIGUE,"

WRITTEN BY J. POOLE.



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THE VIRGINIA MUMMY.

A NEGRO FARCE,

ARRANGED BY C. WHITE.



Dramatis Personæ.

[See page 8.

As Performed at the Surrey Theatre, 1847.

GINGER BLUE	Mr. Ira Aldridge.
DR. GALEN	Mr. Lewis.
CAPTAIN RIFLE	Mr. Johnstone.
CHARLES	Mr. Morrisen.
O'LEARY	Mr. Heslop.
SCHOOLMASTER	Mr. R. Green.
LUCY	Miss Terry.

No. 315. *Dicks' Standard Plays.*

THE UNIVERSITY OF WARWICK LIBRARY

DR. GALEN.—A suit of
GINGER BLUE.—1st dress:
coat. 2nd dress: Dark
CAPTAIN RIFLE.—1st
CHARLES.—Black pan
O'LEARY.—An Irish c
LUCY.—White muslin

Baggage—money—ne
mortar on—table—chai
with cup and saucer—h

gs, red waist.

suit.

—pestle with
bowl—salver,

The Gift of
Mrs G. F. Hall



00247383

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.—R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; D. F. *Door in Flat*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*; L. U. E. *Left Upper Entrance*; R. U. E. *Right Upper Entrance*; L. S. E. *Left Second Entrance*; P. S. *Prompt Side*; O. P. *Opposite Prompt*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.—R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*; L. C. *Left of Centre*.

R.

RC.

C.

LC.

L

*** The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.

THE VIRGINIA MUMMY.

SCENE I.—*Street before an Hotel—door, c.*

CAPTAIN RIFLE enters, L.

Rifle. Well, here I am once again; once more amid the balmy atmosphere that gives the life, the joy, the animation to all my retrospections. I am afraid Lucy will scarcely know me, for a two years' campaign on our Western frontier changes a man's complexion, as a chameleon does its colour. I will first see if there be any letters from my old dad at the Post-office. Here, waiter!

Enter GINGER BLUE, c.

Ginger. Did you call me, massa?

Rifle. I called the waiter. Are you he?

Ginger. I am one of dem.

Rifle. "I am one of dem!" And how many does it take to make one of dem?

Ginger. Dar's whar you hab me. I guess it takes a right smart chap, anyhow.

Rifle. Well, you are an original.

Ginger. No, I'm a Virginian.

Rifle. Ha! ha! ha! Come here, can you go an errand for me?

Ginger. If you isn't sent nobody else.

Rifle. What do you ask me that for?

Ginger. 'Cause, if dar's two, we'll be sure to quarrel 'bout de pay when we come back.

Rifle. But suppose I don't choose to pay you—what then will be the consequences?

Ginger. It will be rather hard to hear you, when the bell rings.

Rifle. Ha! ha! ha! He has a reason for his duplicity, but not experience enough to conceal it. Well, go to the Post-office, and ask if there be any letters for Captain Rifle; and if so, bring them direct to me. Here, sir, is a dollar for you.

(Gives him money.)

Ginger. Look here, you isn't Captain Rifle, dat sold massa de coal?

Rifle. What! do you take me for a coal merchant? I am Captain Rifle, of the army?

Ginger. Is you a sojor?

Rifle. Ask no further questions, but be gone.

Ginger. Well, massa; I only ask.

[Exit, c.]

Rifle. I am afraid that stupid negro will make some mistake. I must contrive some way to see Lucy—her old guardian, Doctor Galen, always hated me, because I never would reconcile myself to the pestle and mortar. However, I'll now to my room, and devise means to announce my arrival.

[Exit, c.]

Enter DR. GALEN and CHARLES, L.

Charles. Here's the advertisement, and I have given orders to continue the publication till further notice.

Galen. That's right; let me see. (Reads.)

"Mummy"—excellent—"Doctor Galen, being anxious to try the virtue of his new invented Compound Extract of Live-for-ever, upon the mortal remains of Egypt and China, will give the highest price for embalmed mummies. For further particulars, please to call at his office, Exchange Buildings." This is excellent. Now, if I can only resuscitate life that has been extinct for three thousand years, why vanish, all ye quacks and diabolical impostors—the world shall all begin anew. The glorious battles of Major Pompey and General Caesar shall be repeated like an opera at the theatre, while I stand upon the Mount of Etna, and pour down my new invented Compound Extract of Live-for-ever. (Crosses to L.)

Charles. But, sir, suppose you should try it on some person who has been dead a week, or three days; or, say one day, and if it succeeds, why then, try it on your mummy.

Galen. Why, you impudent jackanapes you; you think of no penetration. Do you think I have studied for twenty-five years to procure an antidote to bring back the life of this degenerate mankind? No! 'tis for the days of King Solomon, King Pharaoh, King Brutus, and King Crusoe!

Charles. I beg your pardon, sir; but I don't remember ever reading of King Crusoe.

Galen. Who said you did? I never read of him myself; I only heard of him.

Charles. What country, sir, was this King Crusoe of?

Galen. He was from no country, but from the Norwegian Islands, and the first man that discovered America.

Charles. Well, sir; was this three thousand years ago?

Galen. More than that, sir; it was long before the battle of Waterloo! (Charles laughs aside—is noticed by the doctor, who becomes enraged.) What are you giggling at, you impudent rascal? get out of my sight this instant. (Exit Charles, L. 1 E.) What is society coming to? and ignorance is paramount to everything. No matter, I shall not let him see me perform the operation on a mummy, nor shall he know the ingredients I use. When I die I shall will the receipt to the college, to be performed on me at the expiration of one thousand years; then I shall publish a work of my other world's peregrinations.

Enter LUCY, L.

Lucy. La, guardian; what have you done to Charles? He's as sacred as if he was going to be married.

Galen. An impertinent blockhead. When I was diffusing into his thick skull the knowledge of my art, he burst out laughing in my face, and paid no more attention to me than if I was a cook or butler.

COSTUME.

DR. GALEN.—A suit of drab, large straw hat, spectacles.

GINGER BLUE.—1st dress: Striped blue and white jacket, black breeches and stockings, red waistcoat. 2nd dress: Dark brown shape dress with blue and red stripes, as a mummy.

CAPTAIN RIFLE.—1st dress: American military undress uniform. 2nd dress: A Persian suit.

CHARLES.—Black pantaloons, coat and waistcoat.

O'LEARY.—An Irish countryman's suit, tail coat, red waistcoat, and knee breeches.

LUCY.—White muslin dress.

PROPERTIES.

Baggage—money—newspaper—palette, paint, brushes, and picture of boa constrictor—pestle with mortar on—table—chairs—bottles and vials on table—coffin containing mummy—sugar bowl—salver, with cup and saucer—hammers and chisels, &c.



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Lucy. Now, guardian, tell me who is this handsome young man you have destined for my husband?

Galen. He is a professor of zoological subjects; I saw him this morning, busily employed in stuffing a rhinoceros which I intend to purchase, to place among my collection.

Lucy. Oh, la! marry a man with such a profession—he's worse than a gravedigger!

Galen. Science and knowledge, before profession.

Lucy. (Half aside.) I wonder where Captain Rifle is?

Galen. What's that you say? you want to know where Captain Rifle is? Dead, I hope. I wouldn't bring him to life, if there was not another man in the world!

Lucy. Ah! now consider, my dear guardian.

Galen. I shan't consider anything but mummies, so go along, and put this love out of your head.

[*Exeunt, L.*]

Enter CAPTAIN RIFLE, c.

Rifle. How long that fellow stays. I have been beating my brains ever since, trying to find out a plan to introduce myself, but not one can I hit upon. Oh, here comes that fellow at last.

Enter GINGER, L.

Why, one would have thought you had gone to Paris.

Ginger. Can't help what de people tink.

Rifle. Well, did you get any letters for me?

Ginger. No, dar wasn't any for you; but here's an armful I buy'd for wrapping paper. Will any ob dem do?

Rifle. No! was there ever such a perfect stupid ink bottle?

Ginger. I ax de man when he 'spects you going to hab some.

Rifle. Well, and what did he say?

Ginger. Why, he say, elar out, you dam nigger, and don't ax gemmen questions!

Rifle. I am not astonished at the answer. You will give me the change, and bring me the moruing paper.

Ginger. If I don't bring dis mornin's, I'll bring de oder mornin's paper.

Rifle. Bring me this morning's, and no other. Here, take this for your blaudering tronble.

[*Gives him money.*]

Ginger. Tank you, massa; but what are you goin' to do wid de oder rest of it?

Rifle. Put it in my pocket. What makes you so anxious to know?

Ginger. Oh, nothing! only it might fall out.

Rifle. Do you get out, and bring the paper.

[*Exit Ginger, L.*]

The rascal seems to be between the two, cunning as well as stupid. Now, let me see; shall I say a gentleman from the South wants advice, or shall I say I am a learned Greek doctor, come to reside in his neighbourhood, and wish to have his countenance? No, I have it; I'll say—

GINGER enters with newspaper, L.

Ginger. Here's de paper, massa.

Rifle. Well, what does the paper say?

Ginger. I doesn't know; he habn't spoke a word yet.

Rifle. Give it here. (*Takes paper and reads.*) "Foreign Intelligence."

Ginger. Who is he, I wonder?

Rifle. "Mummies wanted!" (*Reads Galen's advertisement.*) Zonnds! this is Luey's old guardian. I wonder where I can purchase a mummy? I am afraid I shall find them a rather scarce article in market. I have it! I will have a dead body dug up, then smoke it, and roll it up in several old sheets—put it into a box stained with a few hieroglyphics, and I defy old Nick himself to detect the cheat. Ginger, come here; do you know where the nudertaker lives?

Ginger. Who is dem?

Rifle. People who attend the funerals.

Ginger. De lord knows! I doesn't want to know dem.

Rifle. Do you know where I can get a dead body?

Ginger. Yes, I does.

Rifle. Where?

Ginger. Ole Massa Lander's nigger shot a deer dis uornin'.

Rifle. I mean a human body.

Ginger. A human body, what's dat?

Rifle. A dead man.

Ginger. I know where you can get a man dead drunk.

Rifle. Where? you stupid. But—where—who—

Ginger. Only you pay for de liquor, and de apparitiou stand right afore you.

Rifle. I can't get any information out of this fellow, I will see the landlord. (*Crosses, R.*) Stay you here, till I return.

[*Exit, R.*]

Ginger. I wonder what he goin' to do wid de inhuman dead body. I guess he goin' to make de doctor's stuff. I'll be mighty careful how I drink de wine at the dinner table. I isn't gwan to fetch the gemman's luggage, I find myself a dead nigger. Be careful, Ginger Blane, you isn't a fool like de white folks, git up in de moruin', and wonder why dey can't find themselves.

Rifle. (*Re-enter, R.*) The landlord isn't in, and I have thought of another scheme. Here, Ginger, is a silver dollar for you. How long can you hold your tongue, without speaking?

Ginger. Well, I guess I can hold my tongue till I git about tired.

Rifle. Can you shut your month?—not speak without I told you?

Ginger. Yes. S'pose you tell me to speak to dem I don't associate wid! how I gwan to do den?

Rifle. Suppose you don't speak at all!

Ginger. Den it be de best way for me to say notin'.

Rifle. So it will. Now, listen—

(*Ginger goes to L., and stands at the door listening.*)

Rifle. What the devil are you doing there

Ginger. Hush! I'se listeniu'. Don't you want me to listen?

Rifle. No, no; come here to me. I want you now to make folks believe you are a mummy.

Ginger. Whose mommy?

Rifle. You don't understand. I said mummy, not mommy. A mummy is a dead man, preserved in spices, and put into a coffin—then deposited in a tomb, and never moulders away.

Ginger. And so you want to fix me up in dat way! Massa, de weadder am too hot! I wouldn't keep from now till Sunday.

Rifle. I want you only to have the appearance of it, to make people think you are a mummy, when you are only Ginger Blue.

Ginger. Well, did you eber hear de like? You're too dam smart for dis nigger.

Rifle. (Crossing to R.) Come along after me to my room, where I will dress and paint you, and give you a lesson how to keep silence.

Ginger. How is you gwan to paint me, massa? Like a sign?

Rifle. No, like a mummy; white, black, green, blue, and a variety of colours.

Ginger. Pnt in plenty of glne, so de white paint won't rub off!

Rifle. Above all, don't breathe loud.

Ginger. I mind dat, whenever I'se gwan to brefe, I put my hat up to my mouf.

Rifle. Then they will be sure to find you out.

Ginger. Neber mind dat, I'll swear *black is white*, I is a mummy!

Rifle. But you must be silent as death, and if you succeed I'll give you a five dollar piece.

Ginger. Dat's a whole month's wages. But what be I gwan to do when I git hungry? you know de mummies couldn't lib widout dey hab de wittles.

Rifle. I will be near, and you shall not want for anything. But you must try to remember that mummies are dead, and never eat.

Ginger. Yes, but I'm to be a live mummy.

Rifle. Well, any way, so you answer my purpose. Come, we have little time to lose. [Exit Rifle.]

[Song. Exit Ginger, c.]

SCENE II.—A room in Galen's house—Palette and brushes on. CHARLES and O'LEARY discovered—Charles at easel, painting from *boa constrictor*, which O'Leary holds—pestle, with mortar on—table and chairs—bottle, vials, &c., on table.

O'Leary. Sure, when Nature moulded the creature, she had some very whimsical ideas about her, whin she made such a thing.

Charles. I have almost finished; hold up his head, till I get the expression of his eyes.

O'Leary. His eyes! Sure his eyes is like Paddy's lighthouse, seen as well in a mist as a fog.

Charles. What are you chatting about there, you rhubarb pounding booby?

O'Leary. Sare, is there any harm in spakin'? and isn't his eyes elose shnt, as Barney Longhlin's whisky shop on a Sunday mornin'?

Charles. Well, lay it aside, you booby; it's as fine an imitation of an anaconda as two peas.

O'Leary. As two peas? Ssure, then, one of them may be in a pod.

Charles. How so?

O'Leary. Sure, isn't this one straight ont like a crooked stick, and isn't the other serewed up as if he had the cramp?

Charles. Ha! ha! ha! It's his common position.

O'Leary. Then it's very common. Bnt, Mr. Charles, if you want animals, why don't you paint a Rynoserious?

Charles. Rynoserious! Rhinoeeros, you mean.

O'Leary. Well, didn't I say Ryno-so-ros. Och! but wouldn't that be a beautiful subject?

Charles. Where did you ever see one?

O'Leary. I saw one on the ship I came over in. They had him hangin' up in a cage wid the eanary bird.

Charles. Ha! ha! ha! A rhinoeeros hanging

up with a eanary bird! If you had told that to the sailors they would have pitched you overboard.

O'Leary. No, they wouldn't have pitched me overboard; they were not so desartly of breeding as you are, Mr. Charles; they was gintlemen, and so was the captain, and so was the steerage passenger, Mr. O'Leary.

Charles. Well, but, Mr. O'Leary, I meant no offense.

O'Leary. (Turns to pestle and mortar.) Oh, git out, ye dirty rattle-snake painter; you ain't fit to paint a school-house fence.

Charles. And instead of mixing medicine, you ought to be mixing mortar.

O'Leary. Sure, and haven't I done that already. It was there I got my hand in, or how the divil do you think I could be a doctor, and mixing up things, if I hadn't a little practice?

Charles. And a pretty doctor you are, too; you can't tell a box of pills from a bottle of Swain's Panacea.

O'Leary. Sure, ean't I taste them, and all the effects they have upon the system.

Charles. Ha! ha! ha! was there ever such a elod. Now, Mr. O'Leary, what would you do suppose you saw a man fall out of a garret window?

O'Leary. What would I do? Pick him up, to be sure.

Charles. Ha! ha! ha!

O'Leary. You may laugh as much as you please, Mr. Charles; I won't tell the doctor how you want to be swate-hearting Miss Lucy.

Charles. Silenee; here comes the doctor.

Enter GALEN, L.

Now I shall be able to try my experiments. Here's a letter from a gentleman just arrived from Grand Cairo, Egypt, that has a mummy, taken from the Pyramids, three thonsand years old.

O'Leary. That's some time before I was born.

Galen. Now, Charles, let the incredulous tremble, and those who have laughed at discovery, kneel down and beg for merey.

Charles. When will it be here?

Galen. I expect it every minute. Now, Charles, I want you as soon as I restore it to life, to be ready with pen, ink, and paper, to write his history, which I intend to have translated into French, German, Latin, Greek, and Irish.

Charles. But what language will it speak, sir? for if it don't speak plain Engksh, I shall not be able to understand it.

O'Leary. (R.) If it's the swate mother Irish, jist rowl yer eye about, and you'll find O'Leary close to your elbow.

Galen. I have it; go to the village schoolmaster, who has recently opened school in the neighbourhood, and he shall be the one to do the business.

Charles. (Aside.) And a pretty business I'm afraid he'll make of it.

[Exit, L.]

Galen. Now let me see if everything is ready. (Goes to box and takes out large bottle.) This is the elixir to make a marble statue speak. Now, O'Leary, have everything in its proper place; my knives, my saws, my augers, gimlets, &c.

O'Leary. Faith, everything will be ready as the wake of Teddy Roe.

Galen. I believe I'd better add half an ounce of aleohol, to kill the taste of the assafœdita; and you, O'Leary, get a bottle of Thomsonian, No. 6,

to rub him with, in case that change of climate give him a cold.

LUCY enters, L. 1 E.

Lucy. Doctor, breakfast is ready.

Galen. Bring it here, I have no time now to leave the office. O'Leary, remain you here to receive the mummy.

[*Exeunt Lucy and Galen, L.*]

O'Leary. What the devil is he going to do wid the mummy? Faith, Charles tould me it was a dead man, wrapped up in a napkin of molasses. I begin to think it's a big fish.

Enter CHARLES, L.

Charles. O'Leary — O'Leary — it's come — it's come, and owner with it, who is in full dress, original costume of his native country!

O'Leary. In full dress—the costume of his country?—and isn't a full dress the costume of all countries, you Hottentot; and would you have a man go half naked?

Charles. Now, we shall see. I have often read about mummies, but never saw one. Only fancy a man that lived three thousand years ago!

O'Leary. That's nothing; St. Patrick lived before the world was made.

Charles. Ha! ha! ha! That's as bad as the rhinoceros and the canary bird. Stand aside! here comes the doctor and the owner.

Enter DOCTOR GALEN with a bottle, and CAPTAIN RIFLE in a Persian suit, L.—All bow to Captain.

Galen. Welcome to the young world, as it is called in Captain Cook's life.

Rifle. Sir, I thank you; and ere we part, we will be better acquainted.

Galen. If not, sir, then I have degenerated greatly.

O'Leary. He's got hat on like a washerwoman.

Charles. And an overcoat like a short gown.

Rifle. How many inmates have you in your house, sir.

Galen. My wife, my ward Lucy, and myself; the others you see are my domestics, except the young man, who is an artist, and has been employed in painting my ward's portrait.

Rifle. Sir, I bow submission to genins.

Galen. But, come, sir; now for inspecting the mummy.

Rifle. Handle it very careful, for it is very old, and unused to being in its present situation.

Galen. Come, Charles; come, O'Leary; don't be in too great a haste. Take care, there; be careful.

[*Exeunt Galen, Charles, and O'Leary, L.*]

Rifle. I see nothing of my Lucy! But, so far—so good. If blackey only keeps still, I defy them to find out the cheat.

Re-enter GALEN, CHARLES, and O'LEARY, with mummy-case.

Galen. There, now, set it down, and let it be opened immediately. Shut the windows and the doors, so that the spiey fragrance may not escape.

[*O'Leary goes up and shuts window.*—

All commence hammering at the sarcophagus—the Doctor with a hammer and chisel at head—Charles and O'Leary at the foot.)

Ginger. (*Inside.*) Look here! what de debil is you about? (*All stagger back from coffin.*)

Rifle. Gentlemen—gentlemen, what are you about?

Galen. Was it you, Mr. Egyptian? Why, I declare, I thought the voice came from the coffin.

Rifle. You will knock it all to pieces, sir. Give me the hammer. (*He opens it.*)

All. What a curiosity.

[*O'Leary goes up to touch it.*]

Galen. Don't touch it! don't touch it! In what a perfect state of preservation. The expression of the eye has all its natural lustre.

Rifle. (*Aside.*) It works well. I must contrive to retire to some other apartment, or I shall burst with laughter.

Galen. Mr. Egyptian, while I am trying the experiment, you may amuse yourself in the garden, or in the library, or with a chat with my ward, Lucy.

Rifle. With all my heart!

Galen. Come, sir; I will introduce you. This way, if you please.

[*Exeunt Galen and Rifle, R.*]

O'Leary. (*L. of coffin.*) And is that what you call a mummy? It looks for all the world like a smoked hog!

Charles. (*R. of coffin.*) Poor fellow! he little thought three thousand years ago that he was to be brought here, to recite the adventures of the other world. Now, as I think of it, and as I will not have a better opportunity, I'll go and get my palette, brush, and paints, and take a sketch.

[*Exit, R.*]

O'Leary. See here, Mr. Charles; don't lave me alone wid this black looking mummy. Oeh! sure, and isn't he dead, and what the devil should I be afraid of it for? Oh, but it's a mighty quare looking thing intirely. Be the powers, what would Mrs. O'Leary say, if she was jist to have a squint at it? There's nobody nigh, I'll jist take the knife and cut off a toe, and send it in a letter to her.

(*As he is about to cut off the toe, Ginger raises his right foot, and kicks him over.*)

Ginger. Not as you knows on.

O'Leary. Murther! murther! I'm kilt! I'm kilt by a dead man!

[*Exit, L.*]

Ginger. Whoo! here I is, packed up like a box of sugar. I gness dey tought dey was breaking into de ball-room, when dey took de kiver off. I wish some ob de niggers could see me now, dey'd take me for old Santa Claus. Well, I don't like dis layin' down all de time, s'pose I jist stand him up dat fashion. I gness dat Irishman dat want to cut my toe off, must hab tought dat I hab a cramp in de leg. I wonder whar de capten is? Dis must be de doctor's shop. I wonder if I'se got time to rnn out and get someting to drink, I don't see nobody comin'. First let me look about. Hallo! what's dis? Dis must be whiskey. (*Smells and drinks.*) 'Tis whiskey. I suppose de mummies used to drink de whiskey like de oder folks. If I only had a little sugar, I'd make a sort of whiskey toddy. Hallo! what's dis? (*Takes down a box of lozenges.*) Dis must be de sugar; now, I'll hab a big drink. (*Drinks.*) Hallo! somebody comes; I must get into de sugar trough again. I'se like a Philadelphy watchman, I'se got a hull box to myself. (*Gets into coffin.*)

Enter CHARLES, with palette, &c., R.

Charles. Now, for a sketch. Ah, O'Leary has raised it up.

Ginger. What de debbil is he gwoin to do?

Charles. I'm afraid I won't be able to hit the dark shades of the face.

Ginger. As long as he don't hit me on de shin, I don't care.

Charles. But as close as my genius will admit of, I will come to it. (Crosses to L.)

Ginger. Dat sabe me de trouble ob comin' to you.

Charles. But I ean scarcely believe that it lived three thousand years ago.

Ginger. Eh, eh! honey. You is right—only half ob it.

Charles. No doubt it was some great personage, and stood very high in his native country.

Ginger. When I was up in de tree, arter de possum.

Charles. Probably a king.

Ginger. Yes, wid a dom to it.

Charles. That has led triumphant armies across the plains of Egypt, after the retreating enemy.

Ginger. Or rader a paek ob dogs fro' de cane brake, arter de bear.

Charles. Now contrast his situation—from a splendid palae, to a domicile of drugs and medicines. (Crosses to R.)

Ginger. So I see, by de bottles dar.

Charles. He might have been an artist, and handled the brush.

Ginger. Yes, indeedy—de whitewash brush.

Charles. Or an astronomer, and read the stars.

Ginger. I guess de book was upside down.

Charles. Or had an ear for musie.

Ginger. Jist gib me de banjo, dat's all.

Charles. Oh, what a field imagination may trace, to find out what it is.

Ginger. You pnt me in a cornfield, I show you what it is.

Charles. I wonder if his race were all that colour.

Ginger. I guess you find me a pretty fair sample.

Charles. And such a prodigious height, almost a giant.

Ginger. Yes, almost; but not quite.

Charles. I wonder what his name was?

Ginger. Ginger Blue, all de world ober.

Charles. But that, I suppose, is marked on the coffin. There are figures, but I ean't make them out. I would like to toneh it, there can be no harm in that. How soft and moist the flesh is, and quite warm. How confoundedly it smells of shoe blacking. I would like to have a finger to keep as a curiosity. I'll just clip one off. No doubt this hand once held a sceptre with as firm a grip as Sampson did, when he let fall—(Ginger butts him on the head—Charles falls.) Murder! murder! murder!

[He gets up and runs off, L.]

Ginger. Yah! yah! I guess he won't want anoder finger in a hurry. Dese white folks must all be crazy, dey talk like de Ingins do, when dey don't know what to say. I know one ting, I begin to feel kinder hungry, and if de capten don't come soon, I'll break and put out. Ah, here he comes.

Enter RIFLE, R.

Rifle. Hallo, Ginger; what are you doing out of the box?

Ginger. I'se arter some eold wittles; is you got any?

Rifle. Yon shall have some presently; get back into the box, I hear some one coming. I have discovered myself to Luey, and she will be ready in an hour to elope with me. What are you doing there?

Ginger. I'se arter some liquor.

Rifle. Quick! Ginger!—quick!

(Ginger runs into box.)

Enter GALEN, R.

Galen. Ah, Mr. Egyptian; I see you have set it up. So much the better—I ean pour the extract down with greater facility. But tell me, Mr. Egyptian, what do you think of my ward?

Rifle. She is beautiful.

Galen. She has a fortune to baek that beauty. I say nothing, but she had her eye on you all the time.

Rifle. Oh, sir!

Galen. I'll speak a good word for you; you ean manage the affair yourself.

Rifle. Thank you, sir; I think I will join her again.

Galen. Certainly, by all means.

[Rifle exits, R.]

I must put a little more aleohol in this, to weaken it, for two drops is enough to kill a person. (Ginger grows uneasy.) It is now, in its present condition, rank poison; nothing could save a man who has swallowed a drop of it!

Ginger. Den I'se a gone case.

Galen. I'll just step ont, and prepare it, and then be baek, and try the experiment.

[Exit, R.]

Ginger. Oh, de Lord! I'm gone now! What de debbil did I drink dat stuff for? I'se a gone nigger. Oh, de Lord! I'se gwan to die, den I will be a mummy for sartain.

(Falls on his knees, and begins to pray.)

Enter LUCY, with breakfast, L.

Lucy. Master told me to bring his breakfast here. Now, I'll have a peep at the mummy.

(Sees Ginger, and screams—lets tray fall, and runs off, L.)

Ginger. (Jumps up and runs into box.) Oh, de debbil! who's dat? seream like cat-bird.

Re-enter LUCY, L.

Lucy. Oh, me! how seared I am. I thought it was in a box, and so it is. Who eould it have been I saw kneeling there, on the floor? Oh, I expect it was O'Leary, trying to frighten me. What a timid creature I am, to be frightened at my own shadow. Oh, my! what an ugly thing it is. (Starts.) I thought it moved its eye. Pshaw! I won't be afraid—there—I should like to toneh it. I will just put my finger in its mouth.

(She puts her finger in his mouth—he bites it—she screams, and runs round the stage, Ginger following.)

Ginger. Look here!—look here!

[Lucy exits, L.]

I coteht de finger in de trap, like dey do de wolf. Ah, I smell something good—dat's de old doctor's breakfast. I mean to light on it, for fear I don't hab anoder opportunity. I'm just about as hungry

as a fish hawk—go right in ober head. I wish I had bit dat woman's finger off. I make her gib me a dollar 'fore I gib it back to her. Oh, de lor'! white sugar! (*Empties contents of bowl in his pocket.*) I lay for de storm. Now I eat enough, I put de rest in de box, in case I hab de appetite.

Enter RIFLE, R.

Rifle. Come, Ginger; here comes the doctor.

Ginger. Look here, captain; I want to go home. I'se been drinkin' de doctor's stuff, out ob dat bottle, and I'se afeerd I gwan to die.

Rifle. Never fear; allay your apprehension, for the contents of that bottle are nothing but whisky and water. I took most especial care of pouring ont the original elixir, and substituting whiskey and water.

Ginger. Well, if dat's de case; I sassy Ginger Blue again.

Rifle. Never mind; keep still.

[*Exit, L.*]

Enter GALEN, shaking a bottle, R.

Galen. Now for the great experiment.

Enter O'LEAFY, L.

O'Leary. Here's a gintleman that has brought another of these pickled mummies, or whatever you call 'em.

Galen. Show him in.

[*O'Leary exits, L.*]

Galen. I'll try the experiment on all they bring. Now, if I fail on this mummy, I shall be sure to hit it on the other.

Enter O'LEARY with CHARLES, MR. PATENT, and coffin, L.

O'Leary. By the powers! we'll have a whole army of mummies, by-and-bye.

Galen. Stand it up, alongside of this one.

All. Stand it up.

Galen. It has much older appearance than the first one.

Patent. It has been roughly handled by the sailors, on the ship.

O'Leary. It like a dried herring.

Galen. O'Leary, go and bring the Egyptian.

[*Exit O'Leary, L.*]

And Charles, you go and bring Lucy, to see the operation.

Charles. Yes, and get my pencil ready, to take the expression, while it is dead.

[*Exit Charles, R.*]

Galen. Come, sir; you must want some refreshment. Step this way.

[*Exeunt Galen and Patent, L.*]

Ginger. (*Looking about.*) Oder mummy! oder mummy! how do you do? Oh, you don't talk like a Virginny mummy, I wonder whar dey get him? He look like a burnt chuck! I speet dey git him out ob de bee-gum. I begin to feel berry dry. I guess I take some ob dis, dey say him mix himself—it's too strong ob de water. (*Drinks out of bottle.*) Look here, oder mummy; you hab some. Ha! ha! I drink for you myself. I guess if de chap want to cut off my toe, he want to cut off your leg—can't help yourself, neider. I wonder whar de capten is? he said he wouldn't be out ob de way when I wanted him. I hope he ain't run away, and left me all alone; dey'll be sure to kiek me into a real mummy. I begin to feel like de

appetite. (*Eats.*) I can't help but laff, how de old doctor look when de breakfast was all gone. He was rather jubious wedder he eat it or not. I guess I take a little more liquor, 'cause if dey pickle de mummy in de liquor, dey ought to put some ob de liquor in de mummy. Oh, here dey come. (*Gets into box.*)

Enter GALEN and PATENT, L.—CHARLES, RIFLE, LUCY and O'LEARY, R.

Ginger. Dey is gwoin to hab camp meetin'!

Galen. Now, Mr. Patent; I shall begin with yours first. I shall first pour it down the throat, to warm the system, before I open the arteries. (*He administers the liquor to the real mummy.*) He does not speak as yet.

Rifle. Now, try mine.

Galen. (*Placing funnel, and pouring the liquor.*) See! it winks! it moves!

Rifle. Give it some more.

Galen. See!—it walks—it moves. Look! look! (*He runs about stage, Ginger following.*)

All. It lives! 'Tis brought to life—it lives!

Galen. Now, Mr. Egyptian; ask me for anything—everything—you shall have it.

Rifle. The hand of your ward.

Galen. Take her, and all her fortune. Likewise, a bottle of this elixir, which I will prepare. The world shall now acknowledge me! Most reverend mummy, what shall I order for your dinner?

Ginger. I isn't hungry, 'cause I eat up all de breakfast.

Charles (*Seizing him.*) Curse me, if it isn't Ginger Blue, the nigger at the hotel.

Galen. Old Ginger Blue!—and are you no mummy?

Ginger. No—dam if I am.

O'Leary. Oeh! what a cursed scrape I'd got into, if I had cut his toe off.

Galen. Get me a gun—I'll shoot him!

Ginger. What, arter bowin' before me, as King Solomon did before de Queen Sherbera.

Galen. And you, sir—who are you?

Rifle. Captain Rifle, and soon will be your ward's husband.

O'Leary. Here comes the schoolmaster, who is to write the life of the mummy.

Enter SCHOOLMASTER, L.

Galen. Write the life of the devil!

(*Beats Servants off—knocks Schoolmaster down—paces up and down the stage in a rage.*)

I'm mad enough to pound you all into a mummy, and then myself.

Ginger. Den I gib you some ob dis, to recon-susticate you wid.

Charles. Come, doctor; love has no bounds—prithce, forget and forgive.

Galen. But I shall be laughed at by the whole town.

Rifle. What signifies the folly of the town, so long as you can retrieve the mummy.

Galen. Well, I do forget and forgive; and the next time I try my experiment on a mummy—

Ginger. I hope you make de medicine strong. And should any ob de faculty hab occasion for a libe mummy again, dey hab only to call on Ginger Blue; when dey'll find him ready dried, smoked, and painted, to sarbe himself up at de shortest notice.

CURTAIN.

INTRIGUE.

A COMIC INTERLUDE, IN ONE ACT.—BY J. POOLE.



Dramatis Personæ.

[See page 8.]

As performed at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.

CAPTAIN RAMBLETON	Mr. Wrench.	TOM	Mr. Knight.
VARNISH	Mr. De Camp.	ELLEN	Miss Kelly.

COSTUME.

RAMBLETON.—Modern surtout coat, white waistcoat, and light trousers.

VARNISH.—Suit of black, half clerical—spectacles, and umbrella.

TOM.—Sporting get-up—tight trousers—blue neckerchief with white spots—showy waistcoat, and velvet shooting coat.

ELLEN.—Plain silk dress—apron—cap.

INTRIGUE.

SCENE.—A Room at an Inn on the Bath road.
A door on each side, opening into separate apartments,—one the “Wolf,” R., the other the “Fox,”
L. Also, common entrances R. and L.

Enter TOM, followed by ELLEN, R.

Tom. It does not signify talking, Ellen, my dear, you shan't serve in the bar, so there's an end on't.

Ellen. Why, lord, Thomas, where's the alarm? I'm sure it is a matter of no consequence.

Tom. Then why do you make such a fuss about it!

Ellen. Because—

Tom. Because what?

Ellen. Because I don't like to sit moping all day in a little back room where I can see nobody.

Tom. Where nobody can see you;—I'm afraid that's nearer your meaning.

Ellen. No, indeed it is not; but my time will hang so heavily.

Tom. You must not expect to lighten it at my expense.—No, no; I've lived long enough in London to understand the tricks of the idle fellows who lounge about coffee-houses and taverns, when there happens to be a pretty woman in the bar; they expect her to make love and punch at the same time, and to look sweet while she squeezes a lemon.

Ellen. Then I'm sure you may trust me to mind the bar, for I cannot make punch fit to drink.

Tom. Come, that's one reason.

Ellen. And, as for squeezing a lemon, the very sight of one draws my mouth into a hundred shapes.

Tom. Say no more about it Ellen, my dear; I've made up my mind upon it; and as we were married but yesterday, I think it's too soon to begin quarrelling to-day.

Ellen. And, indeed, I think it too soon to begin to be jealous to-day.

Tom. Jealous! you mistake me, my dear; I am not jealous, but prudent. Jealousy is out of the question: for though you are the prettiest woman in the village—

Ellen. O, Thomas—

Tom. You know I speak to you for the best. Our house being on the high road to Bath, a great many travellers stop here; and if you were much in the bar, as you are but a young giddy looking girl, the impudent fellows from London might be apt to take liberties with you.—Believe me, I didn't live two years as servant to Captain Rambleton, in London, for nothing. I know the ways of the town pretty well.

Ellen. Captain Rambleton! O, the fine gentleman you have told me of?

Tom. Fine gentleman! why, bless you, the race of fine gentlemen has been extinct at least half a century. The man of fashion of the present day is anything but a fine gentleman; he is a buck, a blood, a dashing splash, or a tight kiddy; and

instead of receiving his last finical touches in the drawing-room, he is turned out complete from the stable. His resort is shifted from Ranelagh to the Fives Court; his language changed from small French to St. Giles's slang; and his companions are, not the poets and the wits, but stage-coachmen and boxing coal-heavers.

Ellen. And is Captain Rambleton one of these?

Tom. Not so highly finished, though he has his merit. He keeps curries, and he keeps horses, and he keeps—other animals; in short, like a true blood, he keeps everything but his promise.

Ellen. Why did you leave him?

Tom. His place grew too hard for me.

Ellen. I thought he was a bachelor.

Tom. Yes, a sort of bachelor; that is to say, he had no regular wife; but such bachelors are the most troublesome people in the world to live with; and I'd rather be in a noisy married family, where there is one mistress and a dozen children, than live with a quiet bachelor without children, to be at the command of a dozen mistresses.

Ellen. Then when you grew tired of that life you came to be waiter here—at the Horns.

Tom. Yes, but waiter now no longer; yesterday I married my Ellen, and to-day her mother has made me master of the concern.

Ellen. Yes, mother always promised you the Horns when you married me.

Tom. Eh! Ah! Now go into the little back parlour, my dear; and don't be looking out of window, or minding the travellers, but darn the stockings and make the dumplings, like a good sort of a wife.

Ellen. Now I know you are jealous.

Tom. No, my dear.

Ellen. A little.

Tom. No, my love.

Ellen. Well, anything to please my dear Thomas.

[Exit R.]

Tom. Oh, bless her. She has the best heart and the sweetest temper in the world, and I think she loves me dearly; but she is very pretty, and something of a coquette; however, as she is a good deal in the way of temptation here, 'tis fortunate she's not a prude. At all events, 'tis my duty to look closely after her.

Ramb. (Without, L.) House! waiter! house, I say!

Tom. Eh! why, as I live, 'tis my old master, Captain Rambleton.

Varn. (Without, L.) Hollo! house, house!

Tom. And his modest friend, Mr. Varnish. I know him of old—a sly dog. You'd think him a saint, and yet I've found him out in such pranks! This way, gentlemen, this way, if you please.

Enter RAMBLETON and VARNISH, L.

Ramb. Zounds! are the people here asleep, or dead?

Tom. No, sir, but wide awake and kicking alive, at your service.

Ramb. Eh! why surely it is he.

Var. Your old servant, Tom.

Tom. The same, sir; 'Thomas Brisk, formerly in the honourable but unprofitable employment of Edward Rambleton, Esquire, Captain of Artillery.

Ramb. Why, Tom, what brought you here?

Tom. Repentance, sir, and the Bath waggon.

Ramb. Repentance, you canting scoundrel! and pray what motive had you for repentance?

Tom. I lived two years with you, sir; and you know what a life we led.

Ramb. We led?

Tom. Don't be angry, sir. The truth is, that after quitting your service I tried to get into some steady, quiet family; but unluckily having a good character from you, nobody would take me; so finding it impossible to settle to my mind in London, I returned here to my native village, where I hope to end my days in a becoming manner.

Ramb. Wisely resolved, indeed.

Tom. Now, sir, may I make bold to inquire what brings you here.

Ramb. The same thing, Tom—repentance.

Tom. I'm glad to hear that, sir; for if you had come upon the old business—you understand—you'd have found the women as shy as linnets, and the men dead good hands at single-stick.

Ramb. Ah! my giddy days are now at an end; I'm on my way to—Repentance.

Tom. How, sir!

Varn. He's going to be married.

Tom. How; married!

Ramb. You know I've often promised.

Tom. Aye; twenty women, to my knowledge.

Varn. There's no jest in it now, Tom. He has at length profited by my advice and remonstrances; thrown aside all his follies, determined to sacrifice himself to matrimony, and it is I who am appointed to place the victim upon the altar.

Tom. Then allow me, sir, to offer you my compliments—

Ramb. Of condolence?

Tom. Why, that's as it may be hereafter. But is it indeed true? Or is it a marriage in your old style?

Ramb. Once more I tell you I am serious. My finances are not on the most flourishing state; a rich marriage is the only means left me of replenishing my exchequer, and I am now on my way to Bath, where to-morrow, to use the newspaper formula, I shall have the happiness of leading to the altar, Araminta Griskin, the lovely and accomplished daughter of Timothy Griskin, Esquire, formerly of Clare Market, carcase butcher. O, curse it!

(Crossing to R.)

Tom. Poor gentleman! Ah, sir, I remember when you were the life and spirit of all the men, and the ruin of half the women wherever you went; but now—

Ramb. "Othello's occupation's gone."

Tom. And are you married, sir? (To Varnish.)

Varn. O, no, Tom; I'm too steady to marry. I recommended marriage to my friend Rambleton as a curb to his volatile disposition; but for myself, who am of a more subdued temperament, and blest with more chastened habits, I remain as you always knew me.

Tom. (Aside.) As I always knew him! does he mean to be sarcastic upon himself?

Ramb. And, pray, Tom, have you ever thought of—taking unto yourself a wife?

Tom. (Aside.) Shall I trust them?—No, I'd better not.—A wife? O, no, sir.—I can't afford it.

Ramb. Not that you'd have anything to fear from us, if you had;—for, as my friend's morals are as severe as usual—

Varn. And as my friend is on the point of marriage—

Tom. True.

Ramb. You could have nothing to apprehend from us.

Varn. Surely not. Besides, when a man of well regulated feelings, and strict morality, enters a village where all around him breathes innocence and content, he would be a rascal to entertain a thought which—(looking out R.)—there she is again.

Ramb. (Crossing R.) The angel we met as we came in, by all that's fortunate!

Varn. Pray, Tom, who is that charming creature?

Tom. (Aside.) Curse them, they have found her out! They mean my wife.

Ramb. Do you happen to know her name?

Tom. Her name! (Aside.) I think I may trust them with her name.—Why, her name is Ellen.

Ramb. Does she live in this neighbourhood?

Tom. Y—es.

Varn. But what is her surname?

Ramb. I dare say it is Simkins, or Hopkins, or some such damned commonplace name; Ellen is a sweet name, so don't spoil it by any addition.

Varn. She's charming!

Ramb. Angelic!

Varn. Exquisite!

Ramb. Divine! 'Tis unfortunate that I have determined upon reformation; for I feel a very strong inclination to carry her off.

Varn. For my part, I have never been in the habit of doing such things; or she should be fifty miles hence before midnight.

Tom (Aside.) I'm in a hopeful way here!

Varn. What a complexion!

Ramb. What eyes!

Varn. What a month!

Ramb. What teeth!

Varn. What a figure! what a *tout ensemble*! (Aside.) I hope the Captain has no ill-intentions here.

Ramb. (Aside.) I hope Varnish doesn't mean to come across me. Unfortunately I am to be rendered a happy man to-morrow; but if there had been time—

Varn. Time! Give me but half the time, and—Hem! I mean—that—sir;—I understand you; and as a moral man, it is my duty to tell you that I think your intentions are—

Ramb. Very likely to interfere with yours. Come, damn it, Varnish, speak freely; what are your intentions. You know we are friends; and as there is nobody here but Tom, you may speak without restraint.

Varn. Well, then, I'll tell you. I should like to try my skill against yours in an exploit of galantry. Now, though you are a man of acknowledged address in those affairs, and I, thanks to my moral habits, am not in the least accustomed to them, I'll bet you fifty pounds that I'll carry off that girl against you, before twelve o'clock to-night.

Ramb. Done—and Tom shall hold the stakes.

Varn. (L.) There!

(They put notes into Tom's hands.)

Tom. (c.) And there! (Puts money in his pocket. Then aside, crossing to R.) And the devil take the winner.

Ramb. But hark'ee, Tom—fair play! You must be nenter, you rogue; if you show any preferenee, or give the least assistance to either of us, I've done with you for ever.

Tom. Depend upon strict impartiality from me, sir; for I do not particularly wish sneccess to either of you. (Aside.) There may be danger in this joke; I'll end it at once! (Crossing to c.) Gentlemen, I must jst mention to you that that young woman was married but yesterday.

Ramb. Indeed! That gives ten thousand times more spirit to the thing. If the ass of a husband knew this, eh?

Varn. Oh, I dare say he is some stupid clod, who has not the taste to discover the beauty of a scheme like ours. Do you happen to know him, Tom?

Tom. I can't say; but I have a sort of off-and-on acquaintance with him.

Ramb. No doubt he is some lubberly elown.

Varn. An ass, an ox, incapable of appreciating the value of such a creature as the charming Ellen.

Tom. Perhaps he is a dash or two better than that, sir.

Varn. Ah! I see how it is; Tom is his friend, and will betray us.

Ramb. If he do, I'll blow his brains out; and as for the brute of a husband, if he should dare to thrust his unmannerly carcase in the way of my intentions, I'll see daylight through it in a twinkling. Tom knows my way of settling these matters; don't you, Tom?

Tom. Perfectly well, sir; but as for the ass, the ox of a husband, depend upon it he shall know no more of the matter than he does at this moment.

Ramb. That's right, Tom; I thought we had better trust you in this affair than anyone else.

Tom. I can't say but I think so, too, sir.

Ramb. Now for my room, Tom.

Tom. That's it, sir. "The Wolf."—I'll show Mr. Varnish into the "Fox."

Ramb. (Whispering.) Wait here, Tom, I want to speak to you.

[Exit to the "Wolf."]

Varn. (Watches Rambleton into his room, and then returns gently.) He's safe.—Tom!

Tom. Sir?

Varn. I'm afraid the captain is relapsing into his former irregular habits.

Tom. I'm afraid so, too, sir.

Varn. You see, it is settled that one of us is to elope with this girl.

Tom. Clearly, sir.

Varn. For Captain Rambleton, who is on the point of marriage, to do it, it would be highly improper; I will therefore sacrifice myself to save my friend, and though I am not in the habit of doing such things, carry her off myself.

Tom. Well, that's cool.

Varn. You see it is my duty to do it, for if I don't he will. You must therefore assist me; and the first service I desire of you is, to procure me an immediate interview with the little angel.

Tom. (Aside.) A comfortable job for me. But consider, sir, the night after her marriage—

Varn. True; that's unlucky; I'd rather it had been the night before.

Tom. Bnt, sir—

Varn. Psha! no objections—no difficulties—you must assist me. Here's for your pains. (Gives money.) Consider yourself as my second in this affair—mark me; my second, and rely upon my future generosity.

[Exit into the "Fox."]

Tom. Well, this is pleasant enough; a pretty situation I am in: bribed by that modest, moral gentleman, to assist him in running away with my own wife. Ha! ha! ha! I can't help laughing at the idea. If he had happened to bribe anybody instead of me, though! Uph! I'm in a fever at the thought of it. As it is there is not much to fear.

Enter RAMBLETON, from the "Wolf," looking cautiously about.

Ramb. Tom.

Tom. Sir.

Ramb. Have you any regard for your old master?

Tom. Do you doubt it, sir?

Ramb. I must have proof of it.

Tom. Any that you desire, sir.

Ramb. You know where to find the charming Ellen; you must procure me an interview with her instantly.

Tom. But, sir—consider—

Ramb. Pooh, nonsense! consider nothing. You did not use to find scruples on similar occasions. But mark: my friend Varnish, I fear, is not a man of so strict honour as he pretends to be; and though it is agreed that you are to be nenter, I shouldn't wonder if he were to endeavour to bribe you into his service. (Gives Tom money.)

Tom. No—do you think so, sir?

Ramb. I do; therefore, if he should, you will have honour enough to—

Tom. Remember that you bribed me first, and to give you the preference.

Ramb. Enough.

[Exit into the "Wolf."]

Tom. Enough! quite enough in all conscience. Now what ought I to do? I am well paid by both of them; the arguments on both sides are pretty heavy: now, as a conscientious man, which of them ought I to help to run away with my wife? Eeod, it is very fortunate I have a liking for her myself, or my poor brains would be puzzled between them. Here comes Ellen.

Enter ELLEN, R.

Ellen. Well, my dear Thomas, what are you doing here?

Tom. (Significantly.) Serving the customers, my dear.

Ellen. What, the two handsome gentlemen from London?

Tom. Handsome!

Ellen. Those charming strangers.

Tom. Charming!

Ellen. Yes, charming—ha! ha! ha! Oh, Thomas, Thomas, how easily I can make you jealous, I do really think you'd be jealous if I were even to speak well of my great grandfather.

Tom. Nonsense! I'm not jealous; but—I say, my dear; those handsome, charming gentlemen are both desperately in love with you.

Ellen. No! are they indeed! what both? well now, I declare that's comical.

Tom. Why, yes; it is comical enough. (*Aside.*) It seems to please her. I'll tell her the rest, just to try her.

Ellen. (*Aside.*) I'll tease him. But you have no cause to be jealous, for all that, husband.

Tom. Not the least—*wife*; especially when they have betted fifty pounds that one of them will carry you off to-night; and, without knowing me to be your husband, have each separately bribed me to procure them an interview with you.

Ellen. That is excellent: give me half the money, Thomas, and they shall have it.

Tom. Eh! the devil!—That is too bad. I did take the money of them, to be sure; but it was with the intention of making them pay for their assurance, avowing myself your husband, and laughing at them.

Ellen. Well, then, leave them to me, and they shall pay still dearer, and we will laugh at them still more.

Tom. No, thank you—I'll put an end to the joke at once.

Ellen. What, will you never get rid of your jealous fancies? though you know you are always made ridiculous by them in the end.—Now leave those gallants to me; my credit is concerned in it, and I am determined to punish them. I suppose they take me for a silly country girl, and think themselves certain of success: but I'll show them that the cunning of our sex is not all confined to London; and that when a woman is determined to exercise her wits, whether in town or country, she is more than a match for any two men in Christendom.

Tom. I don't know what to say to it; I don't like you appearing in it at all.

Ellen. Psha! I'll see them; you shall be present all the time, and hear all that passes; and that is more than many wives in my situation would allow.

Tom. Well, then—

Ellen. Hush! one of them is here.

Enter VARNISH from the "Fox."

Varn. So, here she is. (*Comes down, L.*) Tom, I'm eternally obliged to you.

Tom. O don't mention it, Sir.

Varn. (*Crosses to C.*) Lovely Ellen! I seize this opportunity, to throw myself at your feet, and pay to your charms the tribute of admiration they demand.

Ellen. (*Aside R.*) You shall pay in a more useful coin before I've done with you.

Varn. (*C.*) Listen to me while kneeling, I swear that your beauty has made an impression upon my heart, which time itself cannot efface. (*Aside.*) See, Tom, she begins to melt.

Tom. (*L.*) What, the impression upon your heart?

Varn. Be quiet.—Receive, O dearest Ellen, receive my vows of the most ardent love, and of eternal constancy.

Tom. The old story, word for word.

Ellen. Well, sir, since you are so pressing, I'll go home and ask my husband's leave.

Varn. (*Aside.*) Poor simple thing!—By no means: fly instantly from the clod to whom the cruelty of your parents has sacrificed you, and—

Tom. (*With signs of uneasiness.*) There, that will do.

Varn. Don't put me out, Tom.—Fly from the clod—

Ellen. But, sir, you are mistaken: my husband is

not a clod; and if he were not very jealous, I should have but little cause to find fault with him.

Varn. Jealous! O the immortal gods! I tremble to hear it! Jealous! then you owe it to your happiness to leave him instantly; you have not a moment to lose. Jealous! he will embitter every hour of your life.

Ellen. So I fear, sir.

Tom. Damn it, don't set a woman against her husband!

Varn. Eh! Tom!

Tom. I—I mean, you'd better go now; he may surprise you, sir.

Varn. I'll annihilate the cub.

Ellen. Pray leave me, sir; if my husband should happen to find me here, with his disposition I can't answer for the consequences.

Varn. A sensible hint. What's to be done?—I have it:—Tom, go and keep a sharp watch outside the door.

Tom. I think I had better keep a sharp watch within, sir.

Ellen. Now, sir, I beg you'll leave me. Consider the time you have detained me.

Varn. To me it has not appeared an instant.

Tom. It has appeared plaguy long by my reckoning.

Ellen. Now, indeed, sir,—pray, sir—I insist upon your leaving me.

Varn. I leave you, then; and let my obedience to your commands be the testimony of my affection. But I leave my friend Tom to prevail upon you to grant me another and an early interview.

Ellen. Well, it all depends upon Tom now, sir.

Varn. (*To Tom.*) Do you mark that? I have done it; she is over head and ears in love with me.—Pretty well for a beginning, eh?

Tom. Nothing to complain of, sir.

Varn. Would you advise me to say any more at present?

Tom. I think you've said quite enough for once, sir.

Varn. I'll imprint one tender kiss upon her lips, and—

Tom (*Gets between them.*) Hold, sir, hold! Lord, how you frightened me!

Varn. What's the matter?

Tom. Why—why—I heard somebody coming. Go, go.

[*Forces him off.*]

Varn. Within an hour you shall congratulate me on my success.

[*Exit into the "Fox."*]

Ellen. Ha! ha! ha! Isn't this delightful, Thomas?

Tom. (*Forcing a laugh.*) Vastly agreeable, indeed. But delightful as it is, I'll instantly put an end to it.

Ellen. There, you are flying off again! Don't be jealous: it is evident those coxcombs think themselves irresistible; leave the management of them to me, and I'll make them pay for the reliance they seem to have on their powers of pleasing:—I'll set a trap—

Tom. Which, after all, I may be caught in.

Ellen. Here comes the other. Now, quick—appear to be speaking to me in his favour.

Tom. I'll be hanged first.

Ellen. Thomas, do as I desire; consider that with two lovers at my command, I have the means of punishing your disobedience.

Tom. Be careful, Ellen.

RAMBLETON appears from the "Wolf."

Ramb. There she is. That Tom is a faithful fellow.

Tom. Hem! Indeed he only wishes a few minutes conversation with you. Can you refuse such a pretty man?

Ramb. What does he mean by pretty man?

Ellen. Indeed, I'm sure he is one of your town gentlemen, and wants to take advantage of a poor country girl.

Ramb. (Coming forward L.) Charming Ellen, do not suspect the integrity of my motives; believe me when I swear that I do not entertain a thought which is not intent upon your happiness.

Ellen. Sir, I must not listen to you.

Ramb. Would you, then, drive me to despair?

Ellen. O, dear, I would not drive you anywhere—but I must leave you.

Ramb. Tom, say something for me.

Tom. Leave it to me. (Crosses to c.) Look at him, Ellen. Can you disoblige such a pretty man?

Ramb. Zounds! what do you mean by pretty man? (Pushes Tom away.) Lovely Ellen, behold a humble suppliant at your feet; do not disdainfully reject his vows; do not cruelly suspect them to be the ebullitions of a wild intemperate passion, but believe them the sincere and fervent expressions of the most ardent and unbounded love. (Aside.) That will do, Tom, eh?

Tom. It never failed yet, and you've tried it pretty often.

Ellen. But, sir—I'm married.

Tom. I daresay that won't make any difference to the gentleman.

Ramb. Not the least; on the contrary, it will contribute to my happiness to reflect that I have been the means of rescuing those charms from the power of a man who is unworthy of possessing them. Charms which would shed lustre on a coronet, and impart new dignity to the most exalted rank; charms—

Tom. That will do, sir. He's going on too fast.

Ramb. Don't impede the torrent of my feelings. Charms which would shed—shed—hang it, you've put me out.

Ellen. Now, sir, excuse me, I must be gone.

Ramb. What, already?

Ellen. My absence will be noticed, and my husband—

Ramb. O, curse your husband, don't waste a thought upon him.

Tom. Curse him, by all means.

Ellen. Allow me, sir, to quit you.

Ramb. Promise then to see me again within this half hour.

Ellen. I hardly know what to say; at all events—I—I cannot stay longer at present.

[Exit R.]

Ramb. Huzza! victory! victory! Give me joy, Tom, give me joy; 'tis done;—did you notice her hesitation? Signs of surrender at the first attack.

Tom. Perhaps you'll find it only a *ruse de guerre*, after all, sir.

Ramb. No fear of that: I'm certain of success; in these matters I make it a rule always to succeed.

Tom. Indeed!

Ramb. You know my plan of carrying on the war: no ten years' sieges for me. Strike and conquer is my maxim. However, in this instance, I must confess I am not a little indebted to you for my success.

Tom. It is my duty to assist my old master.

Ramb. Say rather your interest. Stand by me till my victory is complete, and I'll be the making of you—I'll patronize your house—I'll make your "Horns" flourish, you dog!

Tom. That's some inducement.

Ramb. But I must follow up my success. To wait half an hour is impossible. I'll see her this moment; and, to prevent her changing her mind, not allow her time for reflection.

[Exit, R.]

Tom. Egad, then, I'll make one of the party.

(Going, R.)

Enter VARNISH from the "Fox."

Varn. Here, Tom.

Tom. (Aside.) Hang him—he is here now. (Aloud.) Sir.

Varn. You must deliver this letter for me instantly to my beloved Ellen.

Tom. (Aside.) His Ellen!

Varn. It contains a request that she will favour me with another interview, as I wish just to convince her of the impropriety of living with her husband.

Tom. But as the husband is but a simple subject, I am afraid you'll find it hard to convince him that it is wrong to live with his wife.

Varn. Not at all; it is a mere matter of taste.

Tom. But if it should be known that I have meddled in this business?

Varn. True; that might not be so well. Let me see—you shall go with us, and I'll take you into our service.

Tom. (Aside.) And make me my wife's servant!

Varn. Now, Tom, as you know the oaf of a husband, it must be your task to keep him out of the way.

Tom. He'll no more attempt to interrupt you than I shall.

Varn. Ha, ha, ha! what a contemptible appearance he will make when it is known that his wife has eloped from him the day after their marriage. It will occasion a hearty laugh.

Tom. I expect it will—one way or other.

Varn. Now, quick with my letter—but, mum, you rogue!

Tom. Mum's the word, sir. (Aside.) But I shall not trust Ellen with his letter.

[Exit, R.]

Varn. That is a clever, intelligent fellow, and will help me to manage this little affair in a snug, quiet style. I hope Rambleton will not be beforehand with me. Impossible! I've been too expeditious in my movements. However, I shall be glad when I am safely off with the girl; for these things, when they are long in preparation, leave one so much time for reflection, that there is great danger of one's reason getting the better of one's inclination. Well, thank heaven, I have too much regard for my moral reputation to—seek after intrigues; but when like this, they thrust themselves upon me, what can I do? She is here already; that Tom is an invaluable second.

Enter ELLEN R.

Ellen. (Aside.) Now to try whether the scheme I have arranged with Captain Rambleton will succeed as well with his friend here. (Affecting surprise.) Oh sir—I beg pardon—Is it you? I didn't—

(Going R.)

INTRIGUE.

Varn. Do not attempt to fly from me, my charmer.—Has Thomas delivered my letter to you?

Ellen. No, sir; and if he had, I hope you do not suppose I would have opened it.

Varn. And would you have had the cruelty to return it?

Ellen. Where would have been the use of my reading it? I dare say you merely repeat in it what you have already said to me, that I am a beautiful angel and that you adore me, and I know not what else. Ah, sir! you London gentlemen have such a way of saying fine things, that I don't wonder that you so easily deceive us poor simple country girls—but you shan't deceive me, though!

Varn. Surely you do not suspect me of attempting to deceive you?

Ellen. Indeed but I do; else what do you mean by following me about, and asking to speak to me alone, when you know I'm married. I'm sure you can't mean any good by it; besides, you shan't make me believe that you are in love with me in so short a time.

Varn. To love you, needs but for an instant to behold you. Dearest Ellen, your suspicions are unkind—they are unjust. Can you suspect that I would betray into misery the being in whose happiness mine can alone exist?

Ellen. You talk so I hardly know how to answer you.

Varn. (*Aside.*) Now is my time. You must not hesitate; my happiness, nay, my life, is in your power, and I am determined to—

Ellen. Yes—I know what you're going to say; you'll get me separated from my husband, and then marry me yourself.

Varn. Marry you!

Ellen. Oh, you hesitate now.

Varn. (*Aside.*) She is up, I perceive: the old story. So I must humour it. Marry you? Oh, certainly, it is my intention to marry you.

Ellen. Aye, but I mean in good earnest.

Varn. Surely, in good earnest; but we will keep the matter secret.

Ellen. No, indeed; I'll have it known: there is very little advantage in marrying a fine gentleman, except the pleasure of making our friends die of envy.

Varn. That is reasonable enough. Now, let us be gone.

Ellen. Must not I bid my husband good-bye?

Varn. Why, I think you had better not: as he is an odd sort of a man, perhaps he may make some slight objections to your leaving him.

Ellen. Well, then, wait a little; night is drawing on; it will soon be quite dark—I'll then meet you here; and, to prevent discovery, will put on my husband's large riding coat, so that I may pass with you unsuspected.

Varn. An excellent idea.

Ellen. But not a word of it to your friend.

Varn. Not a syllable: I'll just mention it to Tom; he can have a chaise ready for us at the end of the village.

Ellen. By no means; Tom has done as much for us as we have a right to expect. Leave all the rest to me.

Varn. I rely on you, my little divinity, with confidence.

Ellen. Retire—quick! I hear someone coming.

[*Exit Varnish into the "Fox."*—*The stage gradually darkens.*

Well, they may say what they will of their town

gentlemen, but I do believe, that with a little management, we country girls are a match for the best of them. They, thinking to find us all ignorance and simplicity, are exposed to every artifice we choose to practise upon them; while we, aware of their deceptions, and expecting their attacks, are prepared to oppose them!

Enter TOM, R.

Well, Thomas, it is all settled.

Tom. Settled! What's settled?

Ellen. I'm going off; but as a proof of my affection for you, I have waited to say good-bye.

Tom. Here's a shameless baggage!—May I be so bold as to inquire which is to be the happy man?

Ellen. At present they are both happy men, for they are both confident of success; but as you have been at some pains to effect this matter, I'll leave the choice to you.

Tom. Vastly kind! What other proof of your affection?—Zounds! I'll not bear this—I'll raise the village! I'll—

Ellen. Hold!—Don't be in a passion; you have no one to thank for this but yourself. Had you told them at once I was your wife, this would not have happened; but, as it is, it will teach you that the jealous man, while he is needlessly anxious to secure his happiness, often lays the foundation of his own misery.

Tom. It is partly my own fault, I confess; but that is no excuse for you, and I am determined—

Ellen. Determine to dismiss your jealous fears for ever, and to rely on my affection with the confidence it deserves, and I'll tell you—

Tom. What?

Ellen. That this is all a jest—the last part of my scheme to expose these coxcombs, and my first attempt to convince you that whenever you are seized with a jealous fit, I have art enough to punish you for it!

Tom. Oh, my dear Ellen, you have taken a great weight off my heart. What a fool I was to believe it!

Ellen. Well, there; I forgive you. Both my lovers will be here presently, expecting to find me muffled up in your great-coat, each fancying himself the favoured man.—Now come with me and follow my directions.

Tom. I'll never doubt you again—no, not even though I was sure you had deceived me.

[*Exeunt, R.*

The stage quite dark. Enter VARNISH from the "Fox," speaking in a low voice.

Varn. I thought I heard her; no, but 'tis quite dark, and she will soon be here. Ha! ha! ha! How confoundedly surprised Rambleton will be when he discovers that I have carried the fortress while he is planning his attack. He talks of reformation; but I fear he remains a profligate dog at the bottom. If I had not been too quick for him he would have carried off that young creature from the arms of an affectionate husband. The morality of some people is to me unintelligible!

Enter TOM, R. 2 E., muffled up in a large riding coat, and RAMBLETON, R. 1 E.

Tom. Hist! hist!

Ramb. I hear her! there she is!

Varn. Now to carry her off in triumph!

Ramb. It is so cursed dark! where the devil are you, my angel?

Varn. What voice was that?

Tom. Hist! hist!

(Rambleton and Varnish walk cautiously about, and at last they each lay hold of Tom.)

Varn. (L.) My charming Ellen! let us begone.

Ramb. (R.) What, Varnish; come, come, you may as well go to bed peaceably, for you see the prize is mine.

Varn. Pooh! nonsense! I'm here by appointment; am I not, my beloved?

Ramb. No trifling now; 'tis I am here by appointment. Is it not true, my Ellen?

Varn. Speak!

Ramb. Aye, speak. What, no answer! I'm afraid we are both jilted.

Varn. I'm afraid so, too. If we are to be exposed, may I die but this little baggage shall make one of the party.

Ramb. Lights! lights, here!

Enter ELLEN, with light, R.

Ellen. Did you call, gentlemen?

Ramb. What, Ellen!

Varn. Who have we here, then? Hoa! Tom!

Tom. (Throwing open his coat.) Here, gentlemen, at your service.

Ramb. Zounds! Tom!

Ellen. Heavens! my husband!

(Affecting surprise.)

Varn. How, Tom your husband?

Ramb. So, then, Mr. Tom, after all it seems you are the—

Tom. No, but I had very nearly been—the ox, the ass of a husband. Can I render you any further assistance, gentlemen? Ha! ha! ha!

Ellen. (Crosses to C.) Ha! ha! ha!

Ramb. Fire and fury! We are completely taken in!—If this little adventure should be known, we shall be laughed at by all the bores in the country—

Varn. And lampooned by all the bores in town. However, I hope Tom does not suspect me of any real intention to—

Ramb. Sink that, Varnish;—and as this is certainly a drawn bet, we cannot do better than make Tom a present of the stakes as a reward for his—services.—(Aside.) An immeasurable rascal!

Varn. With all my heart.

Tom. And with all my heart; and I shall always feel happy to give you my assistance—upon the same terms.

Ramb. But upon one condition, Tom—mum!

Tom. Depend upon my secrecy, gentlemen.

Ramb. And to show you how easily we men of the world can bear a good joke, though at our own expense, we'll remain here and finish the evening with the new-married couple.

Varn. And I'll take an opportunity of whispering a few words on the duties of the married state to the amiable Ellen—a jilting baggage!

Ellen. Anything you please, gentlemen, provided you will, as usual, allow my husband to be in the secret.

Tom. Intrigue thus ended, and by a hopeful wife, Our bickerings cease, and we are blest for life. Let then your hands applaud my Ellen's wit—Remember, too, the biters, though they're bit.

Positions of the Characters at the Fall of the Curtain.

RAMBLETON. ELLEN. TOM. VARNISH.

R.

L.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.—R. means Right; L. Left; D. F. Door in Flat; R. D. Right Door; L. D. Left Door; S. E. Second Entrance; U. E. Upper Entrance; M. D. Middle Door; L. U. E. Left Upper Entrance; R. U. E. Right Upper Entrance; L. S. E. Left Second Entrance P. S. Prompt Side O. P. Opposite Prompt.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.—R. means Right; L. Left; C. Centre; R. C. Right of Centre; L. C. Left of Centre.

R.

R.C.

C.

L.C.

L.

••• The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.

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